

The Times

(DAILY, EVENING AND SUNDAY)

By THE WASHINGTON TIMES CO.

HUTCHINS BUILDING

NORTH EAST CORNER TENTH AND D STS.

Telephone—Editorial Room, 499

Business Office, 1640

NEW YORK OFFICE, 300 TRIST BUILDING

Times—A Morning Edition, One Cent

Sunday Edition, Three Cents

Monthly, by Carrier, Thirty-five Cents

Morning and Sunday, Thirty Cents

Evening and Sunday, Fifty Cents

BY MAIL POSTAGE PREPAID

Morning and Sunday, .60c

Evening and Sunday, .35c

WASHINGTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 20.

Fight the Devil with Fire.

In two or three instances we find that

provincial democratic papers, or journals

which announce themselves, are suggesting

the policy of "compliance" to the

representatives of their districts in Congress

in relation to the Republican tariff measure.

Such advice could only be the result of

ignorance of an utterance of the knowledge

common to all intelligent Democrats,

that the Dingley bill, if enacted into law,

will be found almost as destructive to the

interests of the people, and nearly as effective

as an instrument in the hands of the

oppressor for their enslavement, as was the

demonstration of silver.

Already there has been too much Republican

confidence that conscientious Democrats,

silver Republicans, and Populists,

especially in the Senate, might be induced

to be down and kick the feet that crush them,

to be altogether pleasant in contemplation.

We fully believe that this confidence

has been without just basis; but the fact

that it has existed, and still exists, carries a lesson and a warning to every

opponent of the gold, trust and monopoly

alliance, in either house of Congress.

But for this confidence, which, if it

has any ground, must rest upon a hypothesis

of Democratic and other opposition

to the trusts and monopolies would have

appeared as flagrantly and impudently in

the provisions of the bill as originally

framed. Evidently, that confidence has

not abated, for Republican trust

representatives are having it amended right

and left in the direction of more tariff

robbery.

A halt must be called, and Democratic

opposition, at least, organized and armed

for a struggle to the death. It will not do

to assume that the passage of the

proposed bill is a matter to be regarded with

equanimity, upon the theory that it must

authorize the country, and that relief and

a Democratic House of Representatives

would naturally and inevitably follow in

1898. No such thing is certain, or even

probable, if the trusts and monopolies now

get all they want.

In the latter event we are much more

likely to see another House full of the

representatives of beneficiaries under this

measure. We are told by Republicans that

this is a revenue bill. They tell the truth:

It is a revenue to produce commodities and

corporate and party revenue sufficient

to buy the next and all future elections,

no matter what the cost may be, or how

much popular opposition may have to be

overcome.

The Dingley bill would force every man,

woman and child in the United States

to contribute to that definite and con-

scious purpose of the influence active in

this tariff conspiracy. The millions that

will run into the coffers of the petted

syndicates and organizations would be

divided liberally with the power that as-

sured them. Mills, shops, mines, fac-

tories and public works would be shut down

just before election day and operatives in-

formed, as they were last November, that

after that time there would be work for

them, but only in case of a Republican vic-

tory. A hundred thousand railway em-

ployees could be coerced as well in 1898

as they were in 1896. Another hundred

thousand, or five times that number, of

debtors could be bullied by banks, trust

ment with earnestness and spirit, the

country would be better pleased than it

could be with the passage of several ar-

bitration treaties.

The Grand Old Man for Greece.

Next to the occurrence of a sanguinary

battle, or the declaration of a general

European war, nothing in connection with

the Eastern question could have produced

a greater sensation in England and on the

continent than the publication of an

address on and a review of the present

situation, sent to the Duke of Westminster

by Mr. Gladstone. In the venerable

English statesman tells truths, unadorned

policies and denounces potentates and

cabinets in thunder tones and with the

force of thunderbolts. It is a broad,

scholarly, statesman-like and noble docu-

ment. It will be hailed by the friends

of liberty and humanity in Great Britain

and everywhere as the gospel of the

"unspeakable Turk," and it will lash

the avarice and abettors of the "great

assassin," whether in the British ministry

or in the foreign offices at Paris, Berlin

and Vienna, as with a whip of scorpions.

If English public opinion had strewn Lord

Salisbury's path with thorns before its

appearance, it may readily be believed

that now it will not be one of roses.

Indeed, the tide has been rising so far

that it may not have needed greater

impetus than the Gladstone letter will

furnish to break over the heads of the

Tory ministry, and sweep it out of

power.

At the outset of his address Mr. Glad-

stone takes prompt occasion to dispose

of that hypocritical syndicate, powerful

only for evil, the so-called European con-

cert, to the discord in which he attributes

the present condition of affairs. In an-

other place he subjects it to even and

withering analysis, showing how it oper-

ates in each country committed to it, to

destroy the normal effectiveness of any

national opinion upon the policy or pro-

gram of the state. Thus, in Great Britain,

it nullifies constitutional government in

all concerns of foreign policy, presenting

to the nation in its stead the autocracy

of a cabinet irresponsible to any power save

that of the five or six cabinets, represent-

ing as many sovereigns, armies and navies

behind it. This is a stern truth and a

terrible indictment of the course of Lord

Salisbury in pursuing a policy opposed to

the honor of his country and obnoxious

to the dictates of humanity, at the beck

and call of a disgraceful and disgraced

"concert." The great Liberal proceeds

to review the antecedents of the present

troubles, starting with the Armenian mas-

sacres. He writes:

The Armenian massacres, deliberately in-

flicted with intervals of breathing time,

have surpassed in their scale and in the in-

tensity of their character the darkest

modern, if not all historical, experience.

All this was done under the eyes of six

separate governments, represented by their

ambassadors, and who thought their feeble

efforts a sufficient counterpoise to the

movements of death, shame and torture,

provided it in framing it they all chimed in

with one another. Growing in confidence

and having exhausted in Armenia

every expedient of deliberate and whole-

sided wickedness, the sultan, whom I have

not scrupled to call the Great Assassin,

recalled that he had not yet reached his

climax. It yet remained to show to the

powers and their ambassadors, under their

own eyes and within the hearing of their

own ears, in Constantinople itself, what

their organs were too dull to see and hear.

Mr. Gladstone refers to the horrors of

the succeeding massacre of Armenians in

Constantinople, under the eyes of all the

"concert" ambassadors, as an evidence of

the sultan's contemptuous indifference to

their presence or ability to interfere with

his deliberate atrocities. He reminds

us against freedom. But why are we to

have our government planned to their

aprons? The sense of this nation is for

their own freedom, and the German em-

peror would not wish to see his subjects

degraded to the level of the Turkish ser-

vants. The concert, I know, but who are we?

At the heels of this concert we have

plotted patiently for two years, and what

has it done for us—done for us, not in

promoting justice and humanity, but in

securing peace? I affirm that, with all its

pretensions and power, it has not secured

and not bettered the situation. When we

pointed to the treaty obligations and treaty

rights which solemnly bound and solemnly

bound us to stop the Armenian massacres,

we were threatened, by the credulity of some

and the hypocrisy of others, with a Euro-

pean war as a certain consequence of any

coercive measure, however disinterested,

which we might adopt for checking crimes

sufficient to make the stones cry out.

Without hesitation or qualification, Mr.

Gladstone glorifies Greece for the stand she

has taken in supporting the cause of her

Greek brethren in Crete. He writes:

A new actor, governed by a new temper,

has appeared upon the stage: not one

equipped with powerful fleets, German ar-

mies and boundless treasures, supplied by

unlimited money, but a poor power, un-

counted in the list of European states, and

suddenly takes its place in the con-

flict between the great powers. It is a

surgency. But it is a power representing

the race that had fought the battles of

Thermopylae and Salamis. It is a power

backed by the hordes of Asia from European

Asia. In the heroic age of Greece, as

Homer tells us, there was a Greek hero

who was small of stature, but full of fight.

He seems to have been reproduced in the

recent and marvellous gallant action of

Greece.

It is sad to reflect that we have also

before us the reverse of the picture, in the

powers, who offer to the Greek hero

a conspicuous example of the reverse, and

present to us a huge body, animated, or

rather, frenzied, by a false heart. We

have them before us, it is literally true, a

David facing a Goliath.

He declares that in taking the stand she

has Greece confers a great and positive

benefit upon Europe; that she is justified

in refusing such a solution as the ex-

pulsion of the Greek troops from Crete

and their replacement by the Turkish

battalions that led the fiendish work of

the massacre in Armenia. He believes with

Greece, that the least she could accept,

or that Europe should allow, would be

Cretan autonomy under Greek auspices

with nominal Turkish suzerainty. Greece

"has made it impossible to palter with

this question as we paltered with the

blood-stained question of Armenia. She

has extricated it from the meshes of diplomacy

and placed it on the order of the day

for definitive solution."

Finally, Mr. Gladstone refuses to accept

the idea that Greece is to be coerced

and punished. He says: "I hardly like

to sully the page on which I write by

the mention of an alternative so detest-

able." And again: "Let it be borne in

mind that in this unhappy business all

Europe, under cover of the 'concert of

Europe,' power and speech have been shut

out. . . . I do not believe there is a

European people whose judgment could be

had, would ordain or tolerate the in-

fliction of punishment upon Greece for

the good deed she has recently performed."

This magnificent emanation from one of

the greatest statesmen of the century

must produce a profound impression

throughout Europe. As we have hinted,

it may lead to the downfall of the Tory

English ministry; it may sound the signal

for a violent rupture of the concert; it

cannot fail to make serious trouble in

regard to current relations between Great

THE LIFE WORK OF

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS

Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons, the new pugilist champion, announces his permanent retirement from the prize-ring in a statement which ought to, and doubtless will, interest and instruct about eight Americans out of every ten who read newspapers. Mr. Fitzsimmons observes:

"My determination to retire from the prize-ring forever will not be broken by the attempt of several fighters to make me return. I am content to let them fight, and record as it exists today and let others do battle for the honor of the prize-ring. The satisfaction of having defeated Corbett is sufficient for me, and I prefer to be known hereafter as the retired, undefeated middle-weight and heavy-weight champion of the world."

Fitzsimmons' account of the great fight is superb. "I recall," he remarked on Wednesday evening, "the color of Corbett's face at the beginning of the tenth round. It was never so gray as that, and when it turned ashen and the light became set I felt that I had won. I had dodged my head with an 'I've got him' air."

"In the eleventh round my wife was beyond control, apparently, and kept calling to me to 'whip him,' to be careful and not let him hit me. I have learned since then that many people believed she was deceiving me. I never thought I was doing a hit on Corbett to show her that I was listening. His face grew paler and paler in the twelfth and he tried to rally. His respiration was shorter than mine, and twice when I exposed myself to invite him in I found that his most violent snarls were without force."

"I put my lips close to his cheek when we clinched and whispered: 'Well, Jim, I am going to lick you, now. That's what I am going to do, Jim. I am going to lick you, I have got to.'"

"Yes, you will," he replied, the words churning in his head. "When we broke away I searched for an opening, but, fearing that I would keep my word, he was a little cautious. As the going sounded at the close I whispered around: 'Pretty soon, now,' and before a minute and a half expired in the fourth round, I kept my promise. There was never a better counter than the inside hand I had with me on that day. I heard every word he said, and it served my arm and strengthened my eye. I don't think I will ever forget the expression on Corbett's face as he sank slowly to the floor, just as I saw him to his skin. The rise of the eye completely disappeared, and the white portion looked like an egg shell against an ashen skin. I never saw so much agony in a face before. He heard every count as I came slowly from the lips of the referee, and as the count reached five, he started to get up, but I was too quick for him. He fell back against his quivering lips convulsively, but the trick was done too well, and the last number found him a helpless and whipped man. His recovery, too late for his cause, must have been sudden, for the next moment I saw him with arms upraised and his face enraged, rush upon me. But that was yesterday. It is all over now; the vanquished has gone to his home, and I will soon go to mine."

"When I look back over the years of hardship and wonder that I have been able to stand it. Sometimes I am surprised that I find myself a fighter today. When I was a boy in New Zealand, there were few lads more devoted, industrious or more domestic than I. My mother was a good woman, and she was very kind to her son, and on the Sabbath I went to the Sunday school, sang from the hymn book to the little church organ, and knew my catechism. One day, because I had learned my Bible lesson better than another scholar, he became angry with me, and he pulled me from my seat. Strange enough, the only one who failed to give me protection was the superintendent, and I left the class."

"Through force of habit when the service was over, I went to the kitchen and found a young lady working at the forge. The previous day, I walked over to the little chapel alone and hid myself in a convenient place outside where I could hear the chant of the choir and say my prayers. I knew the service by heart, and I moved where I pleased. One day, I had my voice to the Lord's Prayer, one day they found me and asked me to come back, but I felt myself driven away, felt myself an outcast from the congregation and my car still tingled with the assault of weeks before. I had all the modesty and reticence of a boy, and I had a mother's apron strings, but my broad back, my wonderful constitution and powerful arms craved something more than the inactivity of the town where I lived and the humdrum life I was leading. How it all came about is difficult for me to say. Just what took me into my first fight I do not know, but I remember that I won. At that time it was a trivial affair, but the passion grew. I became more successful and ran the gamut to the championship of the world, where I find myself today."

"No one knows better than myself how much harder the battle to preserve honor was than the war at arms. Had not the incident in the Sunday school occurred, I might today be the rector of that parish, or I might have followed in that path laid down by early teachings and become a conservative business man and a respected member of the town. I think of those days that I can tell in words, but for one thing I shall ever feel grateful, and that is my ability to determine the difference between right and